

# BASEBALL LEAGUE AGAIN ORGANIZED

Georgetown May Have  
Eight-Club Organization  
This Season.

WASHINGTON TIMES BUREAU,  
GEORGETOWN, D. C., APRIL 12.

The Georgetown Baseball League will again be in existence this year, and there is every indication that an eight-club organization will be formed, which embraces practically all of the territory west of Rock creek. A meeting has been called for next Thursday evening, when arrangements will be perfected. At this meeting officers will be elected, the composition of the league determined upon, and a playing schedule drawn up.

Last season was practically the first of the league, and it was very successful. The use of the old Olympic grounds, at Wisconsin avenue and Thirty-fifth street, was secured expressly for the use of the league. This year it is possible that the baseball grounds on the new public playgrounds, at Thirty-fourth street and Volta place, may be the scene of the playings.

Last year the team was won by the Olives, a team from the southeastern section of town. With added interest it is hoped this year to have a much more suitable pennant provided for the leading team.

The closing session of the quarterly meeting of the Presbytery of Washington City, held in the West Street Presbyterian Church, was extremely interesting, and the reports read very encouraging to the delegates in attendance.

The Rev. Zed H. Copp, probation officer, and pastor of Bethany Chapel, filed application for admission, and after examination by the Rev. William T. Thompson, D. D., pastor of the New York Avenue Church, was admitted.

The Rev. Charles L. Meibell, as pastor of the Eastern Presbyterian Church; the Rev. George Robinson, as pastor of Gunton-Temple Church; and Dr. Grinke, as pastor of the Fairmont Heights Church, were also admitted to membership.

The interest of the closing hours of the meeting was centered in the election of commissioners to the general assembly, and resulted in the election of the Rev. William T. Thompson, pastor of the Eckington Church; the Rev. Titus E. Davis, D. D., pastor of the Westminster Church; the Rev. Dr. Merrill, pastor of the First Church, and Lawrence O. Mallory, an elder of the West Street Church.

Reports read showed a membership in the Presbytery of 16,000 communicants, while last year nearly 15,000 were raised for church work of every description. The new Chevy Chase Church, so it was announced, would be dedicated May 1, and a new church is contemplated for Arlington Heights.

The Gallinger-Bennett liquor bill which is now in Congress was heartily endorsed by the delegates.

A meeting will be held this evening at 7:30 o'clock at the manse of the West Street Presbyterian Church for an informal conference on the question of observing the 130th anniversary of the church. The anniversary is several months off, but the elders and trustees will arrange a program available for the occasion, the meeting tonight being the initial gathering for the purpose.

The funeral of Elmer G. Dean, who died yesterday morning at the residence of his mother, in Tenleytown, was held this afternoon at 2 o'clock, the interment being in the cemetery. He was 35 years of age.

A class has been organized at Trinity Church to receive instructions for the first holy communion. Meetings are held every Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, until the feast of Corpus Christi.

Miss Annie Schlacht, of 1236 Wisconsin avenue, is visiting friends at Seltman, Montgomery county.

The "prom" of the senior classes of Georgetown University will be held this evening at the Raleigh Hotel, in Washington.

Members of Congress who seldom make public speeches except in their campaigns at home are being reminded of restlessness at the tone of pessimism which is being sounded by practically every one of the anti-campaign orators.

These members assert that the party leaders will find it a difficult matter to inject enthusiasm into the Congressional campaign this summer by paving the way for that campaign with speeches which recognize the possibility of a Democratic victory.

It is significant of the inward feelings of the party leaders that all of them from the President down the line are more or less discouraged at the outlook for the pending campaign. It was learned today that the President has informed more than one of his friends that he has come to the conclusion that his Administration is beset with more hard luck than any other Republican administration in fifteen years.

This remark was made during a discussion of the decision of the Supreme Court to have the cases of the Standard Oil Company and the American Tobacco Company reargued. The necessity for this action was particularly discouraging to the President, according to several of his friends who talked to the President on the subject. The Administration was absolutely confident that both of these cases would be decided in favor of the Government, and the friends of the President were counting upon favorable decision as a basis for the claim that the President had carried out a successful conclusion one of the Roosevelt policies of immense importance.

The postponement of decision in these cases until next year deprives the Administration of powerful campaign material, and it is now necessary for the legislative program which, however, does not meet with the entire approval of the insurgents, and which will undoubtedly be attacked not only by the Democrats but also by the more fearful of the Republican insurgents.

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# THE SKIRPATE

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS

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## Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Helen Grayman, daughter of a New York millionaire, is abducted from her room, along with Susan Jackson, by Capt. Alfonso Payton, a noted sky pirate. (The time is June, 1908.) They are carried to a thick woods on the Chesapeake, and placed in care of Mrs. Williams, his housekeeper. Payton tells her he is Commodore Brown. Her father agrees to pay \$10,000 ransom. An unsuccessful attempt is made to capture Payton. Lieutenant Allan assigned to run down Payton. He locates him in Labrador. Starts for Labrador with five airships. Helen makes an unsuccessful attempt to escape. Allan chases Payton from his lodge with the prisoners. A sky battle between the Chamelone and the Osprey. Allan's boat, both mortally injured.

## CHAPTER XVII (Cont'd.)

HE last shot of the Chamelone's, which gave her her revenge on the gun that had put an end to her career, was fired, as we learned afterward, by Payton himself.

The victory was ours, although the Osprey was not in a much better condition than when it was captured, and the question now arose as to how to take advantage of it and finish our work. I no longer thought of running the wrecked Chamelone down, but method must be found of safely approaching her.

The storm had finally passed off during the last stage of the fight, and all the clouds were retreating, though still exhaled a heavy atmosphere. Their white topped summits went nodding away in a long line, like a squadron of frigates in the glorious days of the sailor. Their muzzles came to our ears, but all about us the air was filled with a spotted blue and white, and the earth again disclosed beneath, smiling after the shower.

Suddenly, while I hesitated about my next step, a parachute dropped from the Chamelone.

"Good heaven, Allan!" cried the secretary, who had returned to my side after finding that Mr. Grayman's injury was trifling. "Payton is escaping! He has jumped to the ground, the fox will be in his hole again."

"He shall never get there!" I exclaimed, and at the words I sprang to the steering gear. It had been so injured that the steersman, finding he could do nothing, had abandoned it. But there was nothing about our aero that I had not studied to the bottom and I seized the wheel, determined to swing the Osprey around in some way, so that she could catch the parachute.

The motors were still working, and with little strength I swayed the aero until she was pointed toward my object, and then I let her spin.

The parachute umbrella opened promptly, and it was descending in long swings. In a few moments we were almost upon it, but I saw that it should pass a little to one side and above it. There was but one chance. Putting my pistol in my teeth, I sprang out with both arms wide abroad. Luckily, I succeeded in grasping a rope of the parachute as I shot downward.

The Osprey rushed on, and I was left suspended in midair, the parachute lurching and gyrating with my added and mischievous weight.

I had heard a shout of dismay from Mr. Grayman as I plunged overboard, and I knew that the rope in my fingers I had no fear.

I had taken my resolution that Alfonso Payton should not escape, and I meant to kill him.

I slipped down the rope sorrowfully, seizing my pistol from my teeth as I landed in a heap in the basket. I swung round furiously to face Payton and found him staring at me.

But my raised pistol dropped from my hand, for, looking straight into my eyes, while the other I saw, I saw Helen Grayman!

"Good heavens, Miss Grayman!" I exclaimed. "What are you doing here? Where is Payton?"

For answer to my last question she had only stretched her hand toward me. I glanced toward the wreck of the Chamelone, hanging black and torn to shreds above us, and saw a second

parachute dropping from it almost in our tracks!

Then I understood the situation. Miss Grayman had, in some manner, managed to get away with Susan Jackson, and now Payton was pursuing them. In fact, he had intended to descend with them, and it was evident that the parachute. But as he was about to follow them, he accidentally loosened the apparatus and it dropped like a stone. He had seen my master and had sprung for the second parachute, into which two men had already tumbled.

It was the strangest chase that can be imagined. There is practically no way to guide a parachute. It must be left to descend of itself. We had a long start, but Payton was following the same line, and it was evident that he would touch the earth in almost the same spot. But I was not dismayed, and I felt wrought up to a heroic temper when Miss Grayman clung to my arm, sobbing:

"Oh, sir, help us! Save us! My God, what will become of me!"

"Have no fear, Miss Grayman," I said, summoning all the steadiness of nerve that I possessed. "I will save you."

There must have been a great deal of meaning and of encouragement in my words, for a faint color and a look of relief came into the girl's face. Then she bestowed upon me a glance of thankfulness that made my heart bound.

"Save her! I would have encountered an army in her cause."

I was too anxious that we should make a safe landing to pay much attention to Payton's present. I expected the ground beneath us, and saw, as we got nearer, that we were likely to come down in a bad place. There was solid ground, brush covered, near, and by desperate exertions, throwing all my weight against the ropes, I succeeded in swaying the parachute toward the drier land, so that finally we struck in a very good place, the basket alighting with but a slight shock in a clump of low leafy bushes.

I had no weapon but my automatic pistol, which contained ten shots, besides the knife I saw that they all carried rifles. And now a new cause of anxiety presented itself. It was evident that the Chamelone was gradually being brought to earth. I saw signals exchanged between her and Payton. But at the same time, he did not neglect to make sure of our location. His men on the Chamelone had seen us, and I saw from their motions that they were pointing us out.

He knew how to manage his canoe, and sent his two men around to the northeast and northwest sides. Then we were surrounded. If the Chamelone had been manageable, of course he would have ordered her to drop straight upon us.

The question now was how large a reinforcement would Payton receive when his aero succeeded in landing? I asked Miss Grayman, and she knew how many men Payton had left, for I was sure that all could not have escaped our murderous fire. She replied that as I saw the aero, she knew that it would number only five in all, and Payton's accession of force would be two men. Still, it would be a terrible odds, since they had guns and I only a pistol.

If the bushes had approached close to the rocks, affording them cover, for an advance, I could have done little, but in that respect we were favored. The open ground around us was fairly level, and required several minutes for a runner to cross it. My task was to keep a sharp watch on all sides and prevent an approach.

I ran round the parapet, as I may call it, peering out in every direction. Miss Grayman, comprehending what I was about, seeing my difficulty, offered to aid me. I refused at first, fearing to expose her to a shot, but she but the latter insisted, and I let her take the northern side, instructing her to peep through the interstices in the broken rocks, but not to show even her head.

As I had feared, she was incalculable, and presently a shot came from the northeast side and splattered on the rocks close by her head. She screamed and dropped through fright, and I sprang to her side, with a terrible fear that she had been hit. She was all right, however, and I pulled her to the center of the inclosure and sprang back to my watch.

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After a while the Chamelone came down in the brush close to the point where our parachute lay. Payton disappeared.

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en's service, and in command of the expedition, fitted out by Secretary Grantman for your rescue."

"Lieutenant Allan," she replied, "you have performed an act of splendid daring; may God reward you for it!"

My heart thumped against my ribs, and I was about to attempt to reply. Instead, I quickened my steps. In a few minutes more we had reached the rocks. There was a clear space around them, and they were rough and precipitous. "An excellent fortification," I said to myself.

The highest point may have been forty feet above the surrounding plain. I immediately scrambled up, drawing the girls after me. When we reached the top we found a slight depression in which we could conceal ourselves from the eyes of any person below, while from the rim I could command the approaches on every side. I placed Miss Grayman and Susan where they were perfectly protected, and then, pistol in hand, crept to the edge and carefully looked over in the direction of the marsh.

Away off I saw the Osprey speeding away on the course that I had given her, and while they had evidently been unable to control. The Chamelone still hung tattered overhead, slowly circling. I had scarcely raised my head a little higher when I caught sight of Payton in the brush, calling and gesticulating. His men, who soon came into sight behind him. They were all dripping and bedaubed with mud, and a more savage looking trio I never beheld. To my dismay I saw that they all carried rifles.

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appeared and another man took his place. The way in which they exposed themselves in surrounding the rocks convinced me that Payton knew very well that I had no other weapon than a pistol.

I now told Miss Grayman to renew her watch, being extremely careful not to expose the least part of her person, and to give me warning if anyone tried to approach the rock from her side. I did not know at what moment the rush might come.

There were two circumstances that dwelt in my thoughts—one a cause of hope, the other of anxiety.

There were yet several hours of daylight, and if I could stand Payton off long enough I felt confident that our friends on the Osprey would manage by old ways to cut his quest lived over each day his polar struggles and began romancing about his explorations.

Mather makes no direct charge against Peary, but he says that the commander's book, "Nearest the Pole," led him to believe that Peary, realizing that his recent polar dash must be his last, may have adopted Hatteras's tactics.

LECTURE ON PHILIPPINES.

Judge W. F. Norris, of the Department of Justice, will deliver an address on "Our Philippine Wards" before the Men's Club of the M. E. Church at 8 o'clock this morning. Refreshments will be served.

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# PEARY'S LIKED TO CAPT. HATTERAS

French Writer Raises Question of Doubt as to Discovery.

PARIS, April 12.—In La Presse today, Paul Mathier, a well-known French writer, raises a doubt as to Peary's discovery of the North Pole.

Mathier draws a parallel between Peary and Captain Hatteras, the English dreamer of Jules Verne's romance of the North Pole, who, compelled by old age to quit his quest lived over each day his polar struggles and began romancing about his explorations.

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# AMUSEMENTS

BELASCO TONIGHT AT 8.

THE MIDNIGHT SONS

Marie Dressler

ACADEMY

THE LION AND THE MOUSE

NEW NATIONAL TONIGHT AT 8:15

FOLLIES OF 1909

BILLIE BURKE

ABORN OPERA COMPANY

COLUMBIA

CASINO THEATRE

Sportsman's Show

Washington Light Infantry Armory

MUSIC

GAYETY THEATRE

LYCEUM

THE ARCADE

THE ARCADE

THE ARCADE

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